

46
S E A S O N S,

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A

P O E M

To the Memory of

Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

AND

BRITANNIA, a POEM.

By MR. THOMSON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. MILLAN, near *Whitehall*;
and A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*.

MDCCXXX,

BRITANNIA, A POEM.

AND

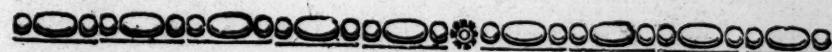
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To the Memory of



Printed for J. MILLAR, near Whitehall;
and A. MILLAR, in the Strand.

MDCCLXX



S P R I N G.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Countess of *Hertford.*



(Price 1 s. 6 d.)

S P R I N G



Inscribed to the Right Honourable the

Comptroller of Her Majesty's

(Price 1s. 6d.)



11/11/12



SPRING.
London, Printed for & Sold by J. Millan near Whitehall.

SPRING.

A

POEM.

By Mr. THOMSON.

*Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,
Nunc frondent Silvae, nunc formosissimus Annus. VIRG.*

THE SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, at Buchanan's Head, over-
against St. Clement's Church in the Strand.

M. DCC. XXXI.



The ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Inscribed to Lady HERTFORD. This Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a purer and more reasonable kind.



S P R I N G.



COME, gentle SPRING, A THER EAL

MILDNESS, come,

And from the bosom of yon dropping
cloud,

While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HERTFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts, 5

With unaffected grace; or walk the plain,

Belov'd

A 3

With

With INNOCENCE and MEDITATION join'd
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
 That thy own Season paints; when NATURE all
 Is blooming, and benevolent like thee. 10

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale:
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The Mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20

Deform

SPRING.

2

Deform the day delightful; so that scarce
The Bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
To shake the founding marsh; or from the shore
The Plovers|theirs,| to scatter o'er the heath, *when*
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

AT last from ARIES rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright BULL receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
But full of life, and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven. 31

FOR TH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives

Relenting nature, and his lusty steers, 35

Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plow

Lies in the furrow loosen'd from the frost.

There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,

They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,

Chear'd by the simple song, and soaring lark. 40

Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share

The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,

Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,

With measur'd step, and liberal throws the grain 45

Into the faithful bosom of the Ground.

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious man

Part Has done his [due.] Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,

Into the perfect year ! Nor, ye who live

In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear.

'Twas such as these the rural MARO sung

Such Themes

To the full ROMAN court, in all its height

To wide Imperial Rome in full

Of elegance and taste. | The sacred plow

In ancient Times y^e sacred Plow employ'd

Employ'd the kings and fathers of mankind,

awful

~~In ancient times.~~

And some, with whom compar'd *your Insult Tribes*

are You're but the beings of a summer's day,

60

Have held the scale of justice, | *rul'd y^e storm* shook the lance

Empire

Of mighty war, then with descending hand,

victorious

| Unus'd to little delicacies, seiz'd

Disdaining

The plow, and greatly independant liv'd.

scorn'd

all y^e vile stores Corruption can bestow.

venerate YE generous BRITONS, / cultivate / the plow ! 65
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let AUTUMN spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the sea,

Domain Far thro' his azure, turbulent / extent, /
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores 70
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations cloath,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world. 75

only
 NO R^A thro' the lenient air ~~alone~~, this change
 Delicious breathes ; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat

Of

Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth, 30
 In various hues, but chiefly thee, gay GREEN!
 Thou smiling NATURE's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the light dwells
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight!

FROM the moist meadow to the / brown-brow'd / *withers*
 hill, 35

Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd, 90
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
 While the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,

And

And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By NATURE's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town

Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,

trembling Where freshness breathes, and dash the lucid drops
verdant From the bent bush, as thro' the fuming maze

Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;

Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend

Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,

And see the country far diffus'd around:

One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower

SPRING.

13

Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Travels from joy to joy, and, hid beneath 110
The fair profusion, yellow AUTUMN spies.

IF brush'd from RUSSIAN wilds a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his/foggy/wings *humid*
The/bitter/mildew, or dry-blowing breathe *clammy*
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast, 115

The full-blown SPRING thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Into a smutty, wide-dejected waste. *Joyless & dead as*

For oft engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on Myriads, insect-armies waft

Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat 120
Thro' buds, and bark, into the blacken'd Core,

Their eager way. A feeble race! ~~scarce seen~~, yet oft

~~Save by the prying eye; yet famine waits~~

*The sacred Sons of Vengeance on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits & kills year On*

On their corrosive course, and kills the year.

Sometimes o'er cities as they steer their flight, 125

Where rising vapour melts their wings away,

Gaz'd by th' astonish'd crowd, the horrid shower
To check this Plague
 Descends. And hence the skilful farmer chaff,

And blazing straw before his orchard burns;

Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe 130

From every cranny suffocated falls;
or scatters o'er y^e Blooms y^e Pungent Dust
 Or onions, steaming hot, beneath his trees
of Pepper

Exposes, fatal to the frosty tribe:

or when y^e envenom'd Leaf begins to curl
 Nor, from their friendly task, the busy bill
with sprinkled water drowns them in their nest
 Of little trooping birds instinctive scares. 135

nor while they pick them up wth busy bill
The little trooping Birds unwisely scare

THESE are not idle philosophic dreams,

Full NATURE swarms with life. Th' unfaithful fen

In putrid steams emits the livid cloud

Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams never found a way, 140
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. The stone,
Hard as it is, in every winding pore
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
Which dance unnumber'd to th' inspiring breeze, 145
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent Insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 150
Each liquid too, whether of acid taste,
Potent, or mild, with various forms abounds,
Nor is the lucid stream, nor the pure air,
Tho' one transparent vacancy they seem,

Devoid

Devoid of theirs. Even animals subsist 155
 On animals, in infinite descent;
 And all so fine adjusted, that the loss
 Of the least species would disturb the whole.
 Stranger than this th' inspective glass confirms
 And to the curious gives th' amazing scenes 160
 Of lessening life; by WISDOM kindly hid
 From eye, and ear of man: for if at once
 The worlds in worlds enclos'd were push'd to light,
 Seen by his sharpen'd eye, and by his ear
 Intensely bended heard, from the choice cate, 165
 The freshest viands, and the brightest wines,
 He'd turn abhorrent, and in dead of night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

*By patient Swains, these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain, for hence they keep depressed
 Those sleeping clouds on clouds surcharged with rain
 That o'er yon vast Atlantic hither born
 In endless train would quench y' summers blaze
 And thus drown y' wide unripen'd year.*

SPRING.

17

THE North-east spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron caves, th' effusive South 170

Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,

Scarce staining æther; but by fast degrees,

In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails 175

Along the loaded sky, and mingling|thick/

days

Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,

Oppressing life, but lovely, gentle, kind,

And full of every hope, and every joy, 180

The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze

Into a perfect calm; that not a breath

Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,

B

Or

Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd 185
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense, 190
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw up lucid moisture trickling off
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
impatient And forests seem, / expansive, / to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 195
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shakin gon the dimply pool

S P R I N G.

19

Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 200

In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world,

The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard
~~'Tis scarce to patter heard, the stealing shower,~~

By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,

Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.

But who can hold the shade, while HEAVEN descends

In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 206

And fruits, and flowers, on NATURE's ample lap?

/ Imagination/ fir'd ^{anticipates} prevents their growth,

Swift Fancy

And while the /verdant/ nutriment distills,

milky

Beholds the kindling country colour round. 210

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life,

Till, in the western-sky, the downward sun

effulgent Looks out / illustrious / from amidst the flush 215
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain, 220
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the woods ; their every musick wakes,
 Mix'd in wild consort with the warbling brooks
distant Increas'd, th' unnumber'd / bleatings of the hills, 225
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand æthereal bow
 Shoots up immense ! and every hue unfolds, 230
 In

In fair proportion, running from the red,

To where the violet fades into the sky.

Here, mighty NEWTON, the dissolving clouds

/Are, as they scatter round, thy numerous prism, *Form*

Untwisting to the philosophic eye

235

The various twine of light, by thee/pursu'd/ *discolor'd*
from

Thro' the white mingling maze. Not so the swain,

He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,

Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs

To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd

240

Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,

Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,

A soften'd shade, and saturated earth

Awaits the morning beam, to give/again/

Raised thro' ten thousand different plastick Tubes

~~Transmuted soon by Nature's chymistry,~~

245

The balmy Treasures of y former Day

~~The blooming blessings of the former day.~~

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of BOTANIST to number up their tribes;
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale 250
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has NATURE flung 255
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? Who pierce
 With vision pure into these secret stores 260
 Of life, and health, and joy? The food of man

While

While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unblest in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease, 265
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

The first fresh Dawn then

~~THEN~~ the glad morning wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted men, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath ^{its} sacred beam.
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away, 270
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
 Mean time the song went round; and dance, and sport,
 Wisdom, and friendly talk successive stole 275
 Their hours away. While in the rosy vale

Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
~~and full replete with bliss save y^e sweet Pain~~
~~Replete with bliss, and only wept for joy.~~
~~That only chilling but exalts it more.~~
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed

Was known among these happy sons of heaven ; 280

For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious nature too look'd smiling on.

Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,

And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun

Shot his best rays; and still the gracious clouds 285

Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead

The herds and flocks commixing play'd secure.

~~Which~~^{This} when, emergent from the gloomy wood,

The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart

Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen joy. 290

For musick held the whole in perfect peace :

Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,

Warbling

Warbling the joyous heart; the woodlands round *varied*
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days, 295

THIS to the POETS gave the golden age;
 When, as they sung in elevated phrase,
 The sailor-pine had not the nations yet
 In commerce mix'd; for every country teem'd
 With every thing. Spontaneous harvests wav'd, 300
 Still in a sea of yellow plenty round.

The forest was the vineyard, where untaught
 To climb, unprun'd, and wild, the juicy grape
 Burst into floods of wine. The knotted oak
 Shook from his boughs the long transparent streams
 Of honey, creeping thro' the matted grafs. 306
 Th' uncultivated thorn a ruddy shower

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Of

Of fruitage shed, on such as fat below,
 In blooming ease, and from brown labour free,
 Save what the copious gathering, grateful gave. 310
 The rivers foam'd with nectar; or diffuse,
 Silent, and soft, the milky maze devolv'd.
 Nor had the spongy, full expanded fleece,
 Yet drunk the TYRIAN dye. The stately ram
 Shone thro' the mead, in native purple clad, 315
 Or milder saffron; and the dancing lamb
 The vivid crimson to the sun disclos'd.
 Nothing had power to hurt; the savage foul,
 Yet untransfus'd into the tyger's heart,
 Burn'd not his bowels, nor his gamesome paw 320
 Drove on the fleecy partners of his play:
 While from the flowery brake the serpent roll'd
 His fairer spires, and play'd his pointless tongue.

BUT

But now those white unblemish'd minutes when

~~But now what'er these gaudy fables meant,
Musing Poets took their golden age
And the white minutes which they shadow'd out,~~ 325

Are found no more amid these iron times,

These dregs of life! ^{now of distemper'd mind} ~~in which the human mind~~
^{Concord of harmonious Powers}
Has lost that ~~harmony ineffable,~~

^{forms}
Which ~~warms~~ the soul of happiness; and all

Is off the poise within; the passions all 330

Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,

Or impotent, or else approving, sees

The foul disorder. ^{Sensels & deform'd} ~~Anger storms at large,~~
^{Convulsive anger storms at large, or pale}
~~Without an equal cause; and fell revenge~~

^{and silent, settles into fell revenge}
~~Supports the falling rage. Close envy bites~~ 335

^{Baselvoy withers at another's Joy}
~~With venom'd tooth; while weak, unmanly fear,~~

^{and hates what'er is excellent & good}
~~Full of frail fancies, loosens every power.~~

^{Desponding Fear of feeble Fancies full}
~~Even love itself is bitterness of soul,~~

^{weak & unmanly loosens every Power}
~~Even love itself is Bitterness of Soul~~

*or sunk to voided Interest, feels no more
 That restless wish, that infinite Desire
 Which self-pit-gory didalming, such alone
 To bless of dearer object, of its Name*

pensive
 A pleasing anguish pining at the heart. x
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief, 340
 Of life impatient, into madness swells;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind 345
 With endless storm. Whence, inly-rankling, grows
partial
 The selfish thought, a listless inconcern,
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Hatred
 Then dark disgust, and malice, winding wiles,
Coward *ruffian Violence*
 Sneaking deceit, and coward-villany: 350
~~At last deep-rooted hatred, lewd-reproach,~~
~~at last extinct each social feeling, fell~~
~~Convulsive wrath, and thoughtless fury, quick~~
~~and joyless Inhumanity, prevades~~
~~To deeds of vilest aim. Even nature's self~~
~~and petrifies y^e Heart, Nature disturb'd~~
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE

Dusky
 HENCE in old time, ~~they say~~, a deluge came ;
deep: cleft
 When the disparting orb of earth, that arch'd 356
central waters
 Th' imprison'd deep around, impetuous rush'd,
universal Burst into the gulph
 With ruin inconceivable, at once
high: pile
 Into the gulph, and o'er the highest hills of fractur'd Earth
 Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast : 360
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE SEASONS since, as hoar TRADITION tells,
 Have kept their constant chace ; the WINTER keen
shook forth
 Pour'd out his waste of snows ; and SUMMER shot
 His pestilential heats ; great SPRING before 365
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd
 In social sweetness on the self-same bough.

Clear

Pure

Clear was the temperate air ; an even calm

Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland

Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms

Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 371

Sound slept the waters : no sulphureous glooms

Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth :

While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,

oppressive

^ Sat not pernicious on the springs of life. 375

of turbid elements of sport
But now, ~~from clear to cloudy, moist to dry,~~*from clear to cloudy to hot from hot to cold*
~~And hot to cold, in restless change revolv'd,~~*and dry to moist wth inward eating change*
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their Period finished ev' to well begun.
~~The fleeting shadow of a winter's fun.~~

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies 380

~~In lone obscurity, unpriz'd for food ;~~

Altho' the pure, exhilarating soul

Tho' wth

Of nutriment, and health, salubrious breathes, *blest*
and deeply stor'd wth wondrous vital Powers
 By ~~HEAVEN~~ infus'd, along its secret tubes.

For, with hot ravine fir'd, enfanguin'd man 385

Is now become the lion of the plain,

And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,

Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,

At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 390

E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,

With hunger stung, and wild necessity,

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breasts.

But MAN, whom NATURE form'd of milder clay,

With every kind emotion in his heart, 395

And taught alone to weep; while from her lap

She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,

And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,

And

And beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!

Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,

E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,

And dip his tongue in blood? ^{gore} The beast of prey,
~~blood-stained dew is to blood, but you are not blood~~
 'Tis true, deserves the fate in which he deals.

~~what harm does he do? ye peaceful people, what~~
 Him, from the thicket, let the hardy youth 405

~~Provoke, and foaming thro' the awakened woods~~

~~With every nerve pursue.~~ But you, ye flocks,

What have ye done? Ye peaceful people, what,

To merit death? You, who have given us milk

In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 410

Against the winter's cold? Whose usefulness

~~In living only lies?~~ And the plain ox,

That harmless, honest, guileless animal,

In what has he offended? He, whose toil,

Patient, and ever-ready; clothes the land 415

With

With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,

And ^{struggling} ~~wrestling~~ groan beneath the cruel hands

Even of the clowns he feeds? And that perhaps

To swell the riot of the ^{autumnal} ~~gathering~~ feast,

Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart 420

Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,

In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd,

Light on the numbers of the SAMIAN sage.

~~As even too forbids the bold presumptuous strain~~

High HEAVEN beside forbids the daring strain,

Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state, 425

That must not yet to pure perfection rise. NB. Here is to be added 87 new lines about fishing

Behold you

~~But~~ yonder breathing prospect bids the muse

Throw all her beauty forth, ~~that daubing all~~

^{but} ~~Will be to what I gaze; for who can paint~~

Like NATURE? Can IMAGINATION boast, 430

^{its}
 Amid ^{his} gay creation, hues like hers?
^{or} And can ^{he} mix them with that matchless skill,
^{it}
~~And lay them on so delicately fine,~~
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then 435
 Unequal fails beneath the lovely task;
 Ah what shall language do? Ah where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours? And whose power
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 440
^{that}
 Which ^{inexhaustive} flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight.

Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;

~~Oh come, and while the rosy-footed May~~ 445

And thou Amanda come, Bride of my Song
Form'd by y^e Graces loveliness itself
Come with those downcast eyes sedate & sweet
Those looks demure that peer deeply into y^e soul
Whose wry light of thoughtful reason mixt
Shines lively fancy, & the feeling heart

Steals

S P R I N G.

35

Oh come, & while y' rosy: footed may
Steals blushing on, together let us walk *and*

The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to deck the braided hair,
thy love
And ~~the white~~ bosom that improves their sweets!

SEE, where the winding vale her lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lilly drinks 451
The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank
Profusely climbs. ~~Turgent, in every pore~~
~~The gummy moisture shines; new lustre lends,~~
~~And feeds the spirit that diffusive round~~ 456
In fair Profusion decks.
~~Refreshes all the dale.~~ Long let us walk,

Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans: ARABIA cannot boast

A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence 460

Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.

Nor is the meadow ^{un} ^y ~~worthless~~ of our foot,

Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,

The negligence of NATURE, wide, and wild;

Where, undisguis'd by mimic ART, she spreads

Unbounded beauty to the ^{roving} ~~boundless~~ eye. 466

'Tis here ~~that~~ ^{sovent} their delicious task the bees,

In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart,

~~This way, and that,~~ ^{thro' the soft air} the busy nations fly,

Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube, 470

~~Its soul, its sweetness, and its manna suck.~~ ^{Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul}

~~The little chymist thus, all moving HEAVEN~~

~~Has taught; and oft, of bolder wing, he dares~~ st ^{they soaring dare}

The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,

And yellow loads ^{them} ~~him~~ with the luscious spoil. 475

A length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 480
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted darts ; *sweeps*
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest *darkning* *glittering* running round, the rising spire,
 Th' æthereal mountain, and the distant main. 485
 But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
 Along the blushing borders, ~~dewy bright~~, *bright & dew*
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed SPRING unbosoms every grace ;

Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first,

The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue, 491

and Polyanthus of unnumber'd Dyes
~~Dew-bending cowslips, and of nameless dyes~~

The yellow wall: flower stain'd wth Iron: brown

~~Anemonies, auriculas a tribe~~

and lavish stock that scents y^e garden round

~~Peculiar powder'd with a shining sand,~~

from y^e soft wing of vernal Breezes shed—

~~Renunculas, and iris many-hued. 495~~

wth shining meal o'er all y^e velvet leaves

and full Renunculas of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays

idle

Her gayest freaks: from family diffus'd

To family, as flies the father-duft,

The varied colours run; and while they BREAK

exultant flourish marks
 On the charm'd FLORIST's eye, the curious stands,

We see it Bride y^e wonders of his hand

~~And new flush'd glories all ecstatic marks, 501~~

no gradual bloom is wanting from y^e Bud

~~Nor hyacinths are wanting, nor junquils~~

Of potent fragrance, nor narcissus white, *fair*

as o'er y^e fabled Fountain hanging still

Nor ~~strip'd~~ carnations, nor enamel'd pinks, *Broad*

Nor shower'd from every bush the damask-rose. 505

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of NATURE, and her endless bloom.

Source of
 HAIL, MIGHTY BEINGS! UNIVERSAL SOUL 509
 Of heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
 To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts
 Continual climb; who, with a master-hand,
 Haft the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE, the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves, 515
 Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew.
 By THEE dispos'd into cogenial foils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command, the vernal sun awakes 520

The torpid sap, detruded to the root
 By wintry winds, that now, in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

rising
~~ASCENDING~~ from the vegetable world 525
my theme ascends
~~To higher life,~~ with equal wing ascend,

My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour

The mazy-running soul of melody 530

Into my varied verse! while I deduce,

From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,

The symphony of SPRING, and touch a theme

Unknown to fame, THE PASSION OF THE GROVES.

JUST

When first y^e Soul
~~Just~~ as the spirit of love is sent abroad, 535
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on ^{the} their hearts-
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows 540
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 E'er yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings 545
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Thick-wove, and tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads

Of

Of the coy quiristers that lodge within, 550
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening PHILOMELA deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought 555
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these 560
Innumerable songsters in y' fresh'ning shade
~~Thousands beside, thick as the covering leaves~~
~~They warble under, or the nitid hues~~
of new sprung leaves
~~That speck them o'er,~~ their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, 565

Here

^{full}
Here aid the [^]confort : while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

^{melody}
'Tis love creates their [^]gaiety, and all

This waste of music is the voice of love ;

^{That}
~~Which~~ even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind 571

Try every winning way inventive love

Can dictate, and in ~~flattering~~ courtship ~~pour~~ ^{to their mates}

^{Bow forth} Their little souls ~~before her~~ ^{first} Wide around,

^{we distant awe}
~~Respectful~~, ~~first~~ in airy rings they rove, 575

Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch

The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance

Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem

Softening the least approbance to bestow,

Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd 580

They

They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;
~~And throwing out the last efforts of love,~~
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire. 585

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, ^{all} ~~each~~ as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
 That NATURE's great command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 590
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
~~Commit their feeble offspring~~
~~Resolve to trust their young.~~ The clefted tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few, 595
 Their

Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.

Others apart far in the grassy dale

a roughing waste

Their humble texture weave. ~~But most delight~~

But most in woodland solitudes delight

In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,

Steep, and divided by a babbling brook, 600

Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,

When for a season fix'd. Among the roots

Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,

They frame the first foundation of their domes,

Dry sprigs of trees, in artful *subrick* ~~manner~~ laid, 605

And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought

rooted But ~~hurry~~ hurry thro' the busy air,

Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps

The slimy pool, to build his hanging house

and on careful Ingeniously intent. Oft from the back 610

Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills

Pluck

Pluck hair, and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn ^athe straw; till soft, and warm,
 Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits, 615
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings 620
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
 Warm'd, and expanded into perfect life, 625
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour. Oh what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care
^{on} ^{seize}
 Seize the new parents' hearts? Away they fly 630
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young,
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. ^{Even so a gentle Pair} x
~~So pitiful, and poor,~~
^{Sustained alone by}
 A gentle pair on providential HEAVEN 635
^{oft} ^{infant}
 Cast, as they weeping eye their clamant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

nor Pain alone they scorn, exalting Love
~~Nor is the courage of the fearful kind,~~
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd
~~Nor is their cunning less, should some rude foot~~
Gives instant Courage to y^e fearful Race
~~Their woody haunts molest; stealthy aside~~ 640
and to y^e simple art. W^e stealthy wing
~~Into the centre of a neighbouring bush~~
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest
~~amid a neighbouring Bush they silent~~ They drop

x By Fortune sunk but form'd of numerous mould
 And pierc'd surface beyond y^e billow's reach
 In some low-est a mid y^e distant woods.

and whirring thence as if alarm'd, deceive

~~They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive~~

^{, unfeeling}
The ~~rambling~~ school-boy. Hence around the head

^{wand'ring swain}
Of traveller, the white-wing'd plover wheels

Her sounding flight, and then directly on 645

In long excursion skims the level lawn,

To tempt ^{him} you from her nest. The wild-duck hence

O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste

The heath-hen flutters, ^(wound from) as if hurt, to lead

The hot pursuing spaniel far astray. 650

BE not the muse asham'd, here to bemoan

Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man

Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage

From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.

Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull, 655

Ragged, and all its brightning lustre lost ;

sprightly
 Nor is that luscious wildness in their notes
~~which heart & vigorous~~
 That warbles from the beech. ~~Oh then desist,~~
~~Oh then of Friends of Love & Love: taught Song~~
 Ye friends of harmony! this barbarous art
~~Spare ye soft Tribes, this barbarous art for bear~~
 Forbear, if innocence and music can 660
~~If on your Bosom Innocence can win~~
 Win on your hearts, or piety persuade.
music engage or Piety persuade

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when returning with her loaded bill, 665
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade; 670
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings

Her sorrows thro' the night ; and, on the bough

Sole

Sad-fitting, still at every dying fall

Takes up again her lamentable strain

Of winding woe, till wide around the woods 675

Sigh with her song, and with her wail resound.

But ~~AND~~ now the feather'd youth their former bounds

Ardent disdain, and weighing oft their wings,

Demand the free possession of the sky.

But this ^{one} glad office more, and then dissolves 680

Parental love at once ; ^{now} for [^]needless grown,

Unlavish WISDOM never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,

When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes 685

Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad

SPRING.

51

On NATURE's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge

Their resolution fails ; their pinions still, 690

In loose libration stretch'd, ^{to trust y^t void} ~~the void abrupt~~

Trembling refuse : till down before them fly

The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,

Or push them off. The surging air receives

The plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings 695

Winnow the waving element. On ground

Alighted, bolder up again they lead

Farther and farther on the lengthning flight ;

Till vanish'd every fear, and every power

Rouz'd into life, and action, ^{light in air} ~~in the void~~ 700

^{acquitted} Th' ~~exoner'd~~ parents see their soaring race,

And once rejoicing, never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
^{deep, such as amazing frowns}
 Hung o'er the green sea, grudging at its base,
^{on utmost hills as there whose lonely Rand}
 The royal eagle draws his young, resolv'd ⁷⁰⁵
^{strong pounc'd & ardent w paternal fire}
 To try them at the fun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright
^{now rais'd fitt to raise a Kingdom of their own}
 As burnish'd day, they up the blue sky wind,
^{He draws them from his fort of towering seat}
 Leaving dull fight below, and with fix'd gaze
^{For ages of his Empire which in Peace}
 Drink in their native noon, the father-king
^{unstain'd he holds while many a league to sea}
 Claps his glad pinions, and approves the birth. 710
^{He wings his course & preys in distant Isles.}

^{Should my steps turn}
 AND should I wander to the rural seat,
^{lofty Elms} Whose aged oaks, and venerable gloom,
^{oaks}
 Invite the noisy rook; ^{who high amid y Boughs} with pleasure there,
^{In early Spring his airy City builds,}
^{and careless caws amusive, there will please}
 I might the various polity survey

Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen 715
 Calls all her chirping family around,

Fed, and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train, 720
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and ^{guards his osier Isle} ~~beats you from the bank,~~
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh, 725
 Loud-threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in floating majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls 730
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins 735
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, ^{the raging passion feels} ~~receives the raging fire.~~
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ^{ample sides} ~~brawny back~~ the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood 740
 Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense:
^{and oft in jealous mad'ning fancy wrapt}
~~For, wrapt in mad imagination, he~~
^{He seeks}
~~Roars for~~ the fight, and idly butting, feigns
^{His}
~~A~~ rival gor'd in every knotty trunk. 745
^{Him}
~~Such~~ should he meet, the bellowing war begins;
 Their

Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning ^{deep} ~~vast~~ th' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, ^{calmly breathing near} ~~redolent~~, in view 750
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor ^{heeds} ~~hears~~ the rein, nor ^{hears} ~~heeds~~ the founding ^{throng} ~~whip~~ ;
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy, to distant plains 755
 Attracted strong, all wild, he bursts away ;
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies,
 And neighing, on the aerial summit takes
 Th' ^{exciting} ~~informing~~ gale ; then steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills, 760
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream-

Turns in black eddies round : Such is the force
With which his frantick heart, and finews swell.

NOR, undelighted by the boundless SPRING,
Are the broad monsters of the boiling deep: 765
From the deep ooze, and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce, and tumble in unweildy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
by this flame their native wrath sublim'd
~~How the red lions, her whelps forget~~ 770
They roam amid the
~~Amid the thoughtless fury of their heart;~~
~~The lank rapacious wolf; th' unshapely bear;~~
~~The spotted tyger, fellest of the fell;~~
~~And all the terrors of the LIBYAN swain,~~
~~By this new flame their native wrath sublim'd,~~ 775
far
~~Roam~~ the resounding waste in fiercer bands,

And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme]

I sing, ^{enraptured} transported, to the BRITISH fair,

Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,

Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 780

Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.

Around him feeds his many-bleating flock

Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,

This way, and that, convolv'd in friskful glee,

Their ~~little~~ frolicks play. And now the ^{springily} race 785

Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,

They start away, and sweep the massy mound

That runs around the hill; the rampart once

Of iron war, in antient barbarous times,

When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 790

Lost in eternal broil; e'er yet she grew

To this deep-laid, indissoluble state,

Where

Where WEALTH and COMMERCE lift their golden
head,

And o'er our Labours, LIBERTY and LAW

Impartial

Illustrious watch, the wonder of a world ! 795

WHAT is this MIGHTY BREATH, ye curious, say,
that
Which, in a language rather felt than heard,

Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breasts

These arts of love diffuses ? What, but GOD ?

Inspiring GOD ! who boundless spirit all, 800

And unremitte^{ing}d energy, pervades,

Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone

Seems not to work, with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex, amazing scheme of things, 805

But tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye

Th'informing author in his work appears;
 (His grandeur in the heavens: the sun, and moon,
 Whether that fires the day, or falling, this
 Pours out a lucid softness o'er the night, 810
 Are but a beam from him. The glittering stars,
 By the deep ear of meditation heard,
 Still in their midnight watches sing of him.
 He nods a calm. The tempest blows his wrath,
 Roots up the forest, and o'erturns the main. 815
 The thunder is his voice; and the red flash
 His speedy sword of justice. At his touch
 The mountains flame. He takes the solid earth,
 And rocks the nations. Nor in these alone,
 In every common instance GOD is seen; 820
 And to the man, who casts his mental eye
 Abroad, unnotic'd wonders rise.) But chief

In

Chief lovely Spring in thee & thy soft scenes
~~In thee, boon SPRING, and in thy softer scenes,~~

is seen
 The SMILING GOD ~~appears~~; while water, earth,

exalts
 And air attest his bounty, which ~~infills~~ 825

The brute Creation to this finer thought
~~Into the brutes this temporary thought,~~

And annual melts their undefining hearts

Profusely thus in tendernefs, and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,

And sing th' infusive force of SPRING on man; 830

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie

To raise his being, and serene his soul.

joining general
~~Can he forbear to smile with NATURE? Can~~
of nature; can fiercer Passions vex his Breast
~~The stormy passions in his bosom rowl,~~

While every gale is peace, and every grove 835

Is melody? Hence, from the bounteous walks

Of flowing SPRING, ye fordid sons of earth,

Hard,

Hard, and unfeeling, of another's woe,

Or only lavish to yourselves ; away. 839

But come, ye generous ^{minds} ~~breasts~~, in whose wide thought,

Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY, ~~most~~, ^{burns}

^{or warmest Beam} ~~Divinely burns~~; and on your open front,

And liberal eye, fits, from his dark retreat

Inviting modest want. Nor ~~only fair~~, ^{till invoked}

^{Can resist Bounty wait Goodness wait} ~~And easy of approach~~; your active search 845

Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd,

Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft

The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving spirit of the wind

Blows SPRING abroad; for you the teaming clouds

Descend in ^{glad some} ~~buxom~~ plenty o'er the world; 851

And the sun ^{shades} ~~spreads~~ his ^{kindest Rays} ~~genial blaze~~ for you,

Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,

Sad-

^{Reviving}
~~Sad-pining~~ sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts 855
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 860
 By ^{swift} ~~small~~ degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last arriv'd ^{sullied}
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD, to see a happy world. 865

'TIS HARMONY, that world-attuning power,
 By which all beings are adjusted, each
 To all around, impelling, and impell'd,

In endless circulation, that inspires

This universal smile. Thus the glad skies, 870

The wide-rejoycing earth, the woods, the streams,

With every LIFE they hold, down to the flower

That paints the lowly vale, or insect-wing

Wav'd o'er the shepherd's slumber, touch the mind

To nature tun'd, with a light-flying hand, 875

Invisible; quick-urging, thro' the nerves,

The glittering spirits in a flood of day.

N.B. Here insert an Address to Mr. Lyttelton

Flush'd as by y^e spirit of y^e genial year
 how ~~HENCE~~ from the virgin's cheek, a fresher bloom

Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;

Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes, 881

In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves

With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize

Her

Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.

From the keen gaze her lover turns away, 885

Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick

With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;

Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading eye, *look*
Downcast & low

In meek submission drest, ~~deject~~, and low, 890

But full of ~~tempting~~ guile. Let not the ^{*perver*}t tongue,

Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purpos'd wills. Nor in the bower,

Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,

While evening draws her crimson curtains round, 895

Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love,

Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,

When

When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies; and fading fame 900
 Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul
 Is wrapt in ^{gay visions of unreal} ~~dreams of ecstacy, and bliss;~~
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven, 905
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present in the very lap of love 910
 Inglorious laid; while musick flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears

E

Her

Her snaky crest: a quick-returning twinge ^{Bang}
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour fill,
 And great design against th' oppressive load 916
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

BUT absent, what fantastic ^{Woes} pangs arous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift, 921
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy bosom'd SPRING
 To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch 925
^{Contracted}
 Of heaven, low, bends into a dusky vault.
 All nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,

Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious Friends, 930

And sad amid the social band he sits,

Lonely, and inattentive. From the tongue

Th' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away

On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies

To the vain bosom of his distant fair ; 935

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd

In melancholy site, with head declin'd,

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,

Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs

To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms, 940

Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream

Romantic hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk

Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,

Indulging all to love : or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lillies, swells the breeze 945
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train 950
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beams,
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or while the world,
 And all the sons of care, lie hush'd in sleep, 955
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line 960
 With

With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch, 965
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
 Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene. 970
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret-winding, flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his ^{endless} thousand cares 975
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,

Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast, 980
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She wth extended arms his aid implores
~~Wild as a Bacchanal she spreads her arms,~~
 But strives in vain, borne by th' outrageous flood 985
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
~~Then a weak, wailing, lamentable cry~~
~~Is heard, and all in tears he wakes, again~~
~~To tread the circle of revolving wee.~~ 990
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should

Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,

'Tis then delightful misery no more,

But agony unmix'd, incessant ~~rage~~, *Gall* 995

Corroding every thought, and blasting all

Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects then

Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,

Farewell! Ye gleamings of departing peace,

Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague

Internal vision taints, and in a night 1001

Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

At then instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,

Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes

With flowing raptures bright, dark looks succeed,

Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire, 1006

A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,

Where the whole poison'd foul, malignant, fits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1010
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming ~~pine~~. *Rage.*
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1015
 Giving ~~a moment's ease~~. *Pain Beau a moment. Fancy* Reflection, pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1020
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;

For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm
youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1025
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate 1031
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1035

Attuning

Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full-exerts ^{her} his softest power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul, 1039
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from fordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1045
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1050
 Of

Of a meer, lifeless, violated form :

While those whom love cements, in holy faith,

And equal transport, free as nature, live,

Disdaining fear ; for what's the world to them,

Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1055

Who in each other clasp whatever fair

High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish,

Something than beauty dearer, should they look

Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face,

Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1060

The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.

Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,

And mingles both their graces. By degrees,

The human blossom blows ; and every day,

Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1065

The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

Then infant reason grows apace, and calls

For the kind hand of an assiduous care :

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1070

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

To breathe th' ^{enlivening} inspiring spirit, and to plant ^{fix}

The generous purpose in the glowing breast,

Oh speak the joy ! ^{ye} you whom the sudden tear

Surprizes often, while you look around, 1075

And nothing strikes your eye but fights of bliss,

All various nature pressing on the heart,

* ^{Progressive Virtue} Obedient fortune, and approving HEAVEN.

These are the ^{matchless joys of virtuous} blessings of divine love ;

And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus, 1080

As

* An elegant sufficiency, Content
Retirement, inward quiet, Friendship, Books.
Ease & alternate labour, useful life

As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads,
 Till evening comes at last, ^{serene & mild} ~~cool, gentle, calm~~ ;

When after the long vernal day of life, 1085
 Enamour'd more, as ^{more Remembrance swells} ~~soul approaches soul,~~
^{we many a Proof of recollected Love}
 Together, down they sink in social sleep.

*Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To Scenes where Love & Bliss immortal reign*

F I N I S.





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